

THE  
Bricklayer's POEM

TO THE  
Countess of CHESTERFIELD,

On Her LADYSHIP's saving the SOLDIERS from  
being shot.



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DUBLIN:

Printed in the Year, M. dcc. xlv.

1777

IN THE COURT OF COMMONS  
IN PARLIAMENT ASSEMBLED  
THE PETITION OF

THE RIGHT HONORABLE  
THE LORDS OF THE TRUSTEES  
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## THE

## BRICKLAYER'S POEM,

## TO THE

## Countess of CHESTERFIELD, &amp;c.

**W**HAT means this dismal Sound, that March  
so flow,

This solemn Sadness, and this Pomp of Woe?

Why hangs that Horror on the Soldier's Mien?

Why droop the Multitude? What means the Scene?

Behold! two Victims, pale and trembling, led,

Already number'd with the mould'ring dead;

What



What ghastly Terrors on each Brow we trace !

See Death imprinted on each dying Face !

Frail Nature bends beneath the pond'rous Woe,

And prone to Death would fain prevent the Blow :

Yet Love of Life asserts its eager Claim,

But Hope, alas ! affords no flatt'ring Gleam.

Lo ! the pale King in horrid Pomp appears !

What cruel Eye could then refrain from Tears ?

What Heart relentless, then, forbear to melt ?

Who saw their Sorrows, but like Sorrows felt ?

How sad the Conflict ! how severe the Strife

Of Wretches, clinging to the Verge of Life !

When angry Justice claim'd her destin'd Prey ;

And frown'd, vindictive, on the kind Delay :

(Thy saving Mercy, in that Moment flew,

The darling Attribute of Heav'n and You) :

To soft Compassion won thy willing Lord,

His Justice temp'ring sheath'd th' uplifted Sword.

And

And in that fearful, that tremendous Hour,  
 Snatch'd the pale Victims from th' offended Pow'r,  
 As when by adverse Stars or Chance misled,  
 Entic'd by Lucre, or pursu'd by Dread,  
 A Wretch from some high Rock's stupendous Brow,  
 Hangs o'er the Waves, and dreadful Depth below,  
 The slender Bough he grasps, his only Stay,  
 Yields to his Weight, and more and more gives way;  
 Of Hope abandon'd, as the Branch he tears,  
 He views th' Abyss, and, as he views, despairs;  
 'Till some unhop'd for Hand prevents his Doom,  
 Lifts him to Life, and lengthen'd Years to come:  
 Redeem'd from Fate, nor yet restor'd to Life,  
 They wond'ring pause, and feel a doubtful Strife,  
 If still on Earth they breathe with human Race,  
 Or mix with Shades in Death's obscure Embrace;  
 'Till dawning Hope the dubious Horror clears,  
 Confirms their Safety, and dispels their Fears:

Loud Shouts of Triumph waft Thy Name on high,  
 And STANHOPE'S Goodness fills the vaulted Sky.  
 Oh! hadst Thou Pow'r afflicted Realms to spare,  
 And rescue *Europe* from the Waste of War,  
 Fell Rage and Discord at thy Nod should cease,  
 And all Mankind enjoy the Sweets of Peace.  
 Then human Blood should deluge Earth no more,  
 But Leagues of Commerce stretch from Shore to Shore.  
 You like the Dove the friendly Branch would bring,  
 And blooming Olives in each climate spring;  
 golden Age the guilty Globe shou'd see,  
 And *Scotia* faithful as *Athens* be.  
 No Feuds intestine in her Bosom jar,  
 No Breath rebellious wakes the Trump of War.  
 Her martial Tribe a loyal Fervour feels,  
 And Virtue's Strength each manly Bosom steels.

For



For Truth and Freedom firmly they unite,  
 And stand resolv'd to tempt the hardy Fight.  
 Thy STANHOPE's Presence shall each Breast inspire,  
 And GEORGE's Glory set their Souls on Fire.

*The* **E N D.**



